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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *April* the 4th, 1754.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

TO confeſs an unfaſhionable kind of a truth, I am a woman who, now and then, think a little; and when I do, I ſometimes turn my reflections on my own ſex. MAN, you know, is ſaid to be "a creature formed "for ſociety;" and I do not deny it to be in general true; but then pray, what is WOMAN? To ſay that ſhe too is "a creature formed for ſociety," is ſaying nothing at all; ſhe is a great deal more than all that. Shall I tell you what ſhe is? WOMAN is "a creature formed for CROWDING, and for being CROWDED."

MR.

MR. POPE, who you know thought it worth his while to write a whole epiſtle about us, declares, after he thinks he has analized us to the bottom, that the love of PLEASURE, and the love of SWAY, are the two general ruling paſſions of the whole ſex. In direct contradiction to which, I aſſert, that the love of CROWDING and of being CROWDED, is a paſſion infinitely more general and predominant. It will be alledged, probably, that this paſſion is included in one of the former; but I anſwer, no; it is abſolutely diſtinct from either of them: for as to the love of PLEASURE, aſk a woman of faſhion in the midſt of a crowded aſſembly (and thanks to the taſte of the age we live in, you may make the experiment in this dear town any evening you pleaſe) aſk her, I ſay, if ſhe takes any PLEASURE in being crowded?—"No," ſhe will tell you, "ſhe hates and deteſts it; it breaks her hoop, "tears her ruffles, puts her in a horrid fl[illegible] makes "her a fright in ſhort, and ſhe wonders what could per-"ſuade her to come there." A plain proof this, that it does not reſult from her love of PLEASURE: and that it is not a conſequence of our love of SWAY, is ſtill more obvious; for the very idea of a crowd excludes all notion of ſuperiority and diſtinction. But, if you want an experimental proof of this too, go to the ſame aſſembly, and obſerve the lady of the houſe herſelf; ſhe is diſtinguiſhed indeed, but in a manner quite oppoſite to what you would expect; for it is only by buſtling through the crowd ſhe has herſelf raiſed, with all the hurry and vulgar obſequiouſneſs of a coffee girl.

ALL then that can be ſaid in your friend POPE's defence, is, that he did not live long enough to ſee this predominant female paſſion diſplay itſelf in that full ſtrength and vigour which it does at preſent. Yet one might think too, from what one has heard of the ring

and

and other fashionable amusements in his time (for I do not remember them myself) that he had, even then, sufficient opportunity given him to discover this truth; but as he has totally omitted it in all his essays, I shall (without making apologies for my inferior abilities, for I hate apologies) endeavour to demonstrate, that this very passion is superior to all our other passions put together.

FIRST, as to our love of PLAY. Let us in the first place, to proceed methodically, consider what PLAY is. PLAY is a science, or rather a science and an art put together; the former of which has been rendered systematical, by the philosophic pen of Mr. Hoyle; the other, though perhaps as well understood as the former, has yet been honoured with no distinct treatise: though I am told indeed, that a gentleman now in the Old Bailey has, at his leisure hours, compleated an essay, which, when published, will render the whole of this matter clear to the meanest capacity. But this *en passant*. Now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, whether we consider GAMING as a science that employs the head, or as an art which exercises the hand of it's fair professors; whether we suppose it a matter of judgment or ingenuity; we must agree, that a private room, and a small party would be infinitely more eligible for the purpose (that is if a woman loved PLAY for it's own sake) than a full assembly: for if she plays with judgment, I would presume that a noise and tumult about her would certainly disturb her: and if she plays with skill, I should imagine a number of lookers-on might possibly disconcert her: yet this is not the case; *to game in a crowd* is the *thing*; and rather than not game so, she is willing either to be beat or to be smoaked, either to lose her money or her reputation.

HAVING proved, I think to my satisfaction, and I hope sir, to yours, that even the love of PLAY is a secondary passion

paſſion to the love of CROWDING, I will juſt touch upon our love of DRESS. That this is made ſubſervient to it alſo, is evident to any perſon that will pleaſe to contemplate that moſt important part of our dreſs, the HOOP; a piece of apparel, or to ſpeak more properly, a piece of machinery which owes it's very being and exiſtence to this paſſion: for ſince that invention, a lady is enabled to make a crowd even by herſelf; and thirty women can now cram a room as compleatly as a hundred would do, if deprived of ſo neceſſary an auxiliary. On this principle too we may account for that ſeeming paradox, why the HOOP, contrary to the fleeting and ſhort-lived nature of all other parts of dreſs, holds it's place in the realms of faſhion ſo much longer than any other mode was ever known to do; and while our caps have, from the ſize of a china plate, dwindled away to the breadth of a half crown, and then entirely vaniſhed, our HOOPS, on the contrary, continue to enlarge their circumference gradually, and keep pace with our ruling paſſion. So that I ſhall venture to aſſert, that this part of our dreſs will be immortal: for ſo long as women are women, ſo long muſt they wear large HOOPS.

AGAIN as to our love of MUSIC; aſk any woman of faſhion, if the OPERA ſounds as well on a tueſday as a ſaturday, and ſhe will ſtare at your queſtion, and anſwer coolly, "No, ſhe does not think it does." And why pray? For this ſhort reaſon, that SATURDAY is the CROWDED NIGHT.

THE thing is now ſo very plain, that I might ſpare myſelf all farther trouble; yet to proceed, let me aſk why we prefer gallantry to love, and general acquaintance to particular friendſhip? Becauſe the one goes on full as well in a CROWD (excepting indeed ſome neceſſary ſhort intervals with regard to gallantry) as in any other

other place. But ſhould a woman condeſcend to cultivate love or friendſhip, ſhe would be frequently ſeduced into ſolitude, or, what is as bad, be obliged ſometimes to undergo the inſupportable *ennui* of a grave *tête à tête*.

LASTLY, I would fain aſk why does that ſmall part of our ſex, that think at all about the matter, prefer enthuſiaſm to religion, and Mr. Whitfield to their pariſh prieſt? For no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe Whitfield of all men living has the greateſt knack of gathering a CROWD about him.

Now that I am talking of religion, I have heard of an author who wrote a treatiſe to prove, that the place of future puniſhment was the centre of the earth; which ſince it could not fairly hold half the inhabitants that would be aſſigned to it, he ſuppoſed the principal torment would conſiſt in SQUEEZING. I believe indeed the doctrine was ſoon exploded; and it was fit it ſhould: for ſurely, ſir, it would have a manifeſt bad tendency in point of female morals; for who can think that we ſhould have any dread of SQUEEZING in the next life, when we love ſo dearly to be SQUEEZED to death in this?

YET though I have hitherto endeavoured to prove, that this love of CROWDING is the ruling paſſion of the FEMALE world, I would not have it inferred, that it does not ſometimes alſo predominate in MAN. I know myſelf various inſtances to the contrary: many young fellows of my acquaintance are at preſent warm borough-hunters: now as moſt of them are infinitely too ignorant to ſuffer one to imagine they do it with a view of ſerving their country, and much too negligent and *degagé* to aim at ſerving themſelves, I charitably conclude, in order to give them ſome motive for action, that they commence candidates purely from this princi-

ple,